

Bad Astronaut, Not A Dull Moment

I remember well the smell of tequila
One bed, one bath, two months with Steph
Drinkin' up the sunrise
Then sleep till eight at night
I had a ten day birthday till Thanksgiving
We burnt the bird and hit the road
Blur in stereo, sonic bookmarks and bad scenes
But not a dull moment, I barely miss living in Los Angeles
Only took a week to start the warfare
Eccentric neighbors on welfare
The turntable spun to the beat of pounding on the walls
We'd sink another drink with Billy Idol
Have sloppy sex on the living room floor
A whirlwind of simple pleasure principal
Principles are gone
It's not a dull moment
I barely miss living in that selfish bliss with Steph
And I always have the past to be warned
And I always knew the last laugh was more
And I can taste the gold ring tarnish in my mouth
And I need a drink to wash it out
It's not a dull moment
I barely miss living in that state of filth
So I cleaned the yard, the yard, the yard
Mow the lawn, scrub the stained rug
So what? It's safe and sound I have found